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Concluſion of the Remarks on the Tragedy of Nero.

The Death of *Poppea*.

Enter Nero, Poppea, a young Man, and Epaphroditus.

Nero. AND what's he there?

Epaph. One that in whiſpering o'erheard
What Pity 'twas, my Lord, that *Piſo* died.

Nero. And why was't Pity, Sirrah, *Piſo* died?

Y. Man. My Lord, 'twas Pity he deſerv'd to die.

Poppea. How much this Youth, my *Otho* doth reſemble:
Otho, my firſt, my beſt Love, who is now
(Under Pretext of governing) exil'd
To *Lucitania* honourably baniſh'd.

Nero. Well, if you be ſo paſſionate,
I'll make you ſpend your Pity on your Prince,
And good Men, not on Traitors.

Y. Man. The Gods forbid my Friends ſhould Pity need.
Somewhat, the ſad Remembrance did me ſtir
O'th' frail and weak Condition of our Kind,
Somewhat his Greatneſs; then whom Yeſterday,
The World but *Cæſar*, could ſhew nothing higher;
Beſides, ſome Virtues, and ſome Worth he had,
That might excuſe my Pity, to an End
So cruel and unripe.

Poppea. I know not how this Stranger moves my Mind,
His Face methinks is not like other Mens,
Nor do they ſpeak thus; Oh! his Words invade
My weakened Senſes, and o'ercome my Heart.

Nero. Your Pity ſhews you Favour and your Will
Which Side you are inclin'd to, had you Power,
You can but pity, elſe ſhould *Cæſar* fear,
Your ill Affection then ſhall puniſh'd be,
Take him to Execution, he ſhall die,
That the Death pities of mine Enemy.

Y. Man. This Benefit at leſt
Sad Death ſhall give, to free me from the Power
Of ſuch a Government; and if I die
For pitying human Chance, and *Piſo*'s End,
There will be ſome too, that will pity mine.

Poppea. O what a dauntleſs Look! what ſparkling Eyes!
Threatning in ſuffering; ſure ſome noble Blood
Is hid in Rags, Fear argues a baſe Spirit:
In him what Courage, and Contempt of Death,
And ſhall I ſuffer one I love to die?
He ſhall not die: Hands of this Man, away,
Nero, thou ſhalt not kill this guiltleſs Man.

Nero. He guiltleſs, Strumpet!
She's in love with the ſmooth Face of the Boy.
[*Spurns her and Poppea falls.*

Neoph. Alas! my Lord, you have ſlain her.

Epaph. Help, ſhe dies.

Nero. *Poppea, Poppea*, ſpeak, I am not angry,
I did not mean to hurt thee, ſpeak ſweet Love.

Neoph. She's dead my Lord.

Nero. Fetch her again, ſhe ſhall not die,
I'll ope the Iron Gates of Hell,
And break the impriſoned Shadows of the Deep,
And force from Death this far too worthy Prey,
She is not dead.
The crimſon Red, that like the Morning ſhone,
When from her Windows (all with Roſes ſtrew'd)
She peepeth forth, forſakes not yet her Cheeks,
Her Breath, that like a Honey-Suckle ſmelt
Twining about the prickled Eglantine,
Yet moves her Lips; thoſe quick and piercing Eyes,
That did in Beauty challenge Heaven's Eyes,
Yet ſhine as they were wont: O! no they do not,
See how they grow obſcure: O ſee! they cloſe,
And ceaſe to take, or give Light to the World.

The Death of *Seneca*.

Enter Seneca, with two of his Friends.

Seneca. What means your Mourning, this ungrateful Sorrow?
Where are your Precepts of Philoſophy?
Where our prepared Reſolution,
So many Years fore-ſtudied againſt Danger?
To whom is *Nero*'s Cruelty unknown?
Or what remained after Mother's Blood,
But his Inſtructor's Death? Leave, leave theſe Tears,
Death from me nothing takes, but what's a Burthen,
A Clog to that free Spark of heavenly Fire:
But that in *Seneca*, the which you lov'd,
Which you admir'd, doth, and ſhall ſtill remain
Secure of Death, untouched of the Grave.

1 *Friend.* We'll not belye our Tears, we wail not thee,
It is ourſelves, and our own Loſs we grieve;
To thee, what Loſs in ſuch a Change can be,
Virtue is paid her Due, by Death alone;
To our own Loſſes do we give theſe Tears,
That looſe thy Love, thy boundleſs Knowledge looſe,
Looſe the unpattern'd Sample of thy Virtue,
Looſe whatſoever may Praiſe or Sorrow move;
In all theſe Loſſes, yet of this we glory,
That 'tis thy Happineſs that makes us ſorry.

2 *Friend.* If there be any Place for Ghoſts of good Men,
If (as we have been long taught) great Mens Souls
Conſume not with their Bodies, thou ſhalt ſee,
(Looking from out the Dwellings of the Air)
True Duties to thy Memory perform'd;
Not in the outward Pomp of Funeral,
But in Remembrance of thy Deeds, and Words,
The oft recalling of thy many Virtues,
The Tomb that ſhall th' eternal Reliefs keep
Of *Seneca*, ſhall be his Hearers Hearts.

Seneca. Be not afraid, my Soul, go chearfully,
To thy own Heaven, from whence it firſt let down,
Thou Loath by this impriſoning Fleſh put'ſt on,
Now lifted up, thou raviſh'd ſhalt behold,
The Truth of Things, at which we wonder here,
And fooliſhly do wrangle on beneath;
And like a God ſhalt walk the ſpacious Air,
And ſee what even to Conceit's deny'd.
Great Soul o'th' World, that through the Parts diffus'd
Of this vaſt All, guid'ſt what thou doſt inform;
You bleſſed Minds, that from the Spheres you move,
Look on Mens Actions not with idle Eyes;
And Gods we go to, aid me in this Striſe,
And Combat of my Fleſh, that ending I,
May ſtill ſhew *Seneca*, and myſelf die. *Exeunt.*

The Death of *Petronius Arbiter*.

Enter Antonius, Enanthe.

Anton. Sure this Meſſage of the Prince's,
So grievous and unlook'd for, will appall
Petronius much.

Enan. Will not Death any Man?

Anton. It will; but him ſo much the more,
That having lived to his Pleaſure; ſhall forego
So delicate a Life, I do not marvel
That *Seneca*, and ſuch ſower Fellows, can
Leave that they never taſted: But when we
That have the Nectar of thy Kiſſes felt,
That drinks away the Troubles of this Life,
And but one Banquet make of forty Years,
Muſt come to leave this: But ſoft, here he is.

Enter Petronius and a Centurion.

Petron. Leave me a while, *Centurion* to my Friends,
Let me my Farewell take, and thou ſhalt ſee,
Nero's Commandment quickly obey'd in me.
Exit Centurion.
Come let us drink, and daſh the Pots with Wine:
Here throw your Flowers; fill me a ſwelling Bowl,
Such as *Mecænas*, or my *Lucan* drank
On *Virgil*'s Birth-Day.

Enan. What means (*Petronius*) this unſeaſonable
And cauſeleſs Mirth? Why, comes not from the Prince
This Man to you a Meſſenger of Death?

Petron. Here fair *Enanthe*, whoſe plump ruddy Cheek
Exceeds the Grape, it makes this; here my Girl.
He drinks.
And think'ſt thou Death, a Matter of ſuch Harm,
Why, he muſt have this pretty dimpling Chin,
And will perk out thoſe Eyes that ſo wound.

Enan. Why, is it not th' extreameſt of all Ills?

Petron. It is indeed the laſt, and End of Ills;
The Gods, before they would let us taſte Death's Joys,
Plac'd us i'th' Toil, and Sorrows of this World,
Becauſe we ſhould perceive th' Amends, and thank them.
Death, the grim Knave but leads you to the Door,
Where entered once, all curious Pleaſures come
To meet, and welcome you.
A Troop of beauteous Ladies from whoſe Eyes,
Love, thouſand Arrows, thouſand Graces ſhoots;
Puts forth their fair Hands to you, and invites
To their green Arbours, and cloſe ſhadowed Walks,
Whence, baniſh'd is the Roughneſs of our Years:
Only the Weſt Wind blows; I'th' ever Spring,
And ever Summer: There the laden Bows
Offer the tempting Burdens to your Hand,
Doubtful your Eye, or Taſte inviting more:
There every Man his own Deſires enjoys;
Fair *Lucrece* lies by luſty *Tarquin*'s Side,
And wooes him now again to raviſh her.
Nor us, (tho' *Roman*) *Lais* will refuſe,
To *Corinth* any Man may go; no Maſk,
No envious Garment doth thoſe Beauties hide,
Which Nature made ſo moving to be ſpy'd,
But in bright Chryſtal, which doth ſupply all,
And white tranſparent Vails they are attir'd
Thro' which the pure Snow underneath doth ſhine:
(Can it be Snow, from whence ſuch Flames ariſe?)
Mingled with that fair Company, ſhall we
On Banks of Violets, and of Hyacinths
Of Love's deviſing, ſit, and gently ſport,
And all the while melodious Muſick hear,
And Poets Songs, that Muſick far exceed
The old *Anacreon* crown'd with ſmiling Flowers,
And amorous *Sapho*, on her *Leſbian* Lute
Beauty's ſweet Scars, and *Cupid*'s God head ſing.

Anton. What, be not raviſh'd with thy Fancies, do not
Court nothing, nor make Love unto our Fears.

Petron. Is't nothing that I ſay?

Anton. But empty Words.

Petron. Why, thou requir'ſt ſome Inſtance of the Eye,
Wilt thou go with me then, and ſee that World?
Which either will return thy old Delights:
Or ſquare thy Appetite a-new to theirs.

Anton. Nay; I had rather far believe thee here,
Others Ambition ſuch Diſcoveries ſeek;
Faith, I am ſatisfied with the baſe Delights
Of common Men; a Wench, a Houſe I have,
And of my own a Garden, I'll not change
For all your Walks, and Ladies, and rare Fruits.

Petron. Your Pleaſures muſt of Force reſign to theſe,
In vain you ſhun the Court, in vain the Sea,
In vain is *Nero* fear'd, or flatter'd;
Hither you muſt, and leave your purchas'd Houſes,
Your new-made Garden, and your black-brow'd Wife,
And of the Trees thou haſt ſo quaintly ſet;
Not one, but the unpleaſant Cypreſs ſhall
Go with thee.

Anton. Faith 'tis true, we muſt at length,
But yet *Petronius*, while we may, a-while
We would enjoy them, thoſe we have, we're ſure of,
When that you talk of's doubtful, and to come.

Petron. Perhaps thou think'ſt to live yet twenty Years,
Which may unlook'd for be cut off, as mine,
If not, to endleſs Time compar'd, is nothing
What you endure muſt ever endure now;
Nor ſtay not, to be laſt at Table ſet,

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Each beſt Day of our Life at firſt doth go,
To them ſucceeds diſeaſed Age and Woe;
Now die your Pleaſures, and the Day's your Prey,
Your Rhimes, and Loves, and Jeſts will take away.
Therefore my Sweet, yet thou wilt go with me,
And not live here, to what thou would'ſt not ſee.

Enan. Would y' have me then kill myſelf, and die.
And go I know not to what Places there?

Petron. What Places doſt thou fear?
Th' ill-favoured Lake they tell thee thou muſt paſs,
And thy black Frogs that croak about the Brim.

Enan. O pardon! Sir, tho' Death affrights a Woman;
Whoſe Pleaſures, tho' you timely here divine,
The Pains we know and ſee.

Petron. The Pain is Life, Death rids that Pain away,
Come boldly, there's no Danger in this Ford,
Children paſs thro' it: If it be a Pain,
You have this Comfort, that you paſt it are.

Enan. Yet all, as well as I, are loath to die.

Petron. Judge them by Deed, you ſee them do't apace.

Enan. I, but 'tis loathly, and againſt their Wills.

Petron. Yet, know you not that any being dead,
Repented them, and would have liv'd again:
They then their Errors ſaw, and fooliſh Prayers,
But you are blinded in the Love of Life,
Death is but ſweet to them that do approach it,
To me as one that taken with *Delphick* Rage,
When the divining God his Breaſt doth fill,
He ſees what others cannot ſtanding by,
It ſeems a beauteous, and a pleaſant Thing;
Where is my Death's Phyſician?

Phyſi. Here, my Lord.

Petron. Art ready?

Phyſi. I my Lord.

Petron. And I for thee:
Nero, my End ſhall mock thy Tyranny. *Exeunt.*

The Death of *Nero*.

Nero *ſolus*.

Nero. O now I ſee the Vizard, from my Face,
So lovely, and ſo fearful is fall'n off;
That Vizard, Shadow, nothing (Majeſty)
(Which like a Child acquainted with his Fears,
But now Men tremble at, and now contemn)
Nero forſaken is of all the World,
The World of Truth; O! fall ſoon Vengeance down:
Equal unto their Falſhoods, and my Wrongs;
Might I accept the Chariot of the Sun,
And like another *Phaeton* conſume
In Flames of all the World; a Pile of Death
Worthy the State and Greatneſs I have loſt.
Or were I now but Lord of my own Fires,
Wherein falſe *Rome* yet once again might ſmoke,
And periſh, all unpitied of her Gods,
That all Things in their laſt Deſtruction might
Perform a Funeral Honour to their Lord.
O *Jove* diſſolve with *Cæſar*, *Cæſar*'s World;
Or you whom *Nero* rather ſhould invoke
Black *Chaos*, and you fearful Shapes beneath,
That with a long, and not vain Envy have
Sought to deſtroy this Work of th' other Gods;
Now let your Darkneſs ceaſe the Spoils of Day,
And the World's firſt Contention end your Strife.

Enters two Romans to him.

1 *Rom.* Tho' others bound with greater Benefits
Have left your changed Fortunes and do run
Whither new Hopes do call them, yet come we.

Nero. O welcome! come you to Adverſity,
Welcome true Friends, why there is Faith on Earth.
Of thouſand Servants, Friends, and Followers;
Yet two are left: Your Countenance me-thinks
Gives Comfort, and new Hopes.

2 *Rom.* Do not deceive your Thoughts,
My Lord we bring no Comfort, would we could;
But the laſt Duty to perform, and beſt
We ever ſhall, a free Death to perſuade,
To cut off Hopes of fiercer Cruelty,
And Scorn more cruel to a worthy Soul.

1 *Rom.* The Senate have decreed you're puniſhable,
After the Faſhion of our Anceſtors;
Which is; your Neck being locked in a Fork
You muſt be naked whipt, and ſcourg'd to Death.

Nero. The Senate thus decreed? they that ſo oft
My Virtues flattered have, and Gifts of mine,
My Government preſer'd to antient Times,
And challenge *Numa* to compare with me;
Have they ſo horrible an End ſought out?
No, here I bear, which ſhall prevent ſuch Shame,
This Hand ſhall yet from that deliver me,
And faithful be alone unto his Lord.
Alas! how ſharp and terrible is Death?
O muſt I die! muſt now my Senſes cloſe!
For ever die, and ne'er return again,
Never more ſee the Sun, nor Heaven, nor Earth?
Whither go I? what ſhall I be anon?
What horrid Journey wandreſt thou my Soul,
Under the Earth, in dark, damp, duſky Vaults?
Or ſhall I now to nothing be diſſolv'd?
My Fears become my Hopes, O! would I might.
Methinks I ſee the boiling Phlegeton,
And the dull Pool, feared of them we fear,
The Dread and Terror of the Gods themſelves,
The Furies arm'd with Links, with Whips, with Snakes,
And my own Furies far more mad than they;
My Mother, and thoſe Troops of ſlaughtred Friends,
And now the Judge is brought unto the Throne,
That will not lean unto Authority,
Nor favour the Oppreſſions of the great.

1 *Rom.* Theſe are the idle Terrors of the Night,
Which wiſe Men (tho' they teach, do not believe)
To curb our Pleaſures fain, and aid the Weak.

2 *Rom.* Death's wrongful Defamation, which would make
Us ſhun this happy Haven of our Reſt,
This End of Evils; as ſome fearful Harm.

1 *Rom.* Shadows and fond Imaginations,
Which now you ſee on Earth; but Children fear.

2 *Rom.* Why ſhould our Faults fear Puniſhment from them,
What do the Actions of this Life concern
The other World, with which is no Commerce?

1 *Rom.* Would Heaven and Stars, Neceſſity compel
Us to do that, which after it would puniſh?

2 *Rom.* Let us not after our Lives end believe
More than you felt before it.

Nero. If any Words have made me confident,
And boldly do, for hearing others ſpeak
Boldly this Night; but will you by Example
Teach me the Truth of your Opinion,
And make me ſee that you believe yourſelves,
Will you by dying, teach me to bear Death
With Courage?

1 *Rom.* No Neceſſity of Death
Hangs o'er our Heads, no Dangers threaten us,
Nor Senate's ſharp Decree, nor *Galba*'s Arms.

2 *Rom.* Is this the Thanks then thou doſt pay our Love?
Die baſely as ſuch a Life deſerv'd;
Reſerve thyſelf to Puniſhment, and Scorn
Of *Rome*, and of thy laughing Enemies.
Exeunt.

Manet Nero.

Nero. They hate me, 'cauſe I would but live, what was't
You lov'd kind Friends, and came to ſee my Death;
Let me endure all Torture and Reproach
That Earth, or *Galba*'s Anger can inflict:
Yet Hell and *Rodamanth* are more pitileſs.

The firſt Roman to him.

Rom. Tho' not deſerv'd, yet once again I come
To warn thee to take Pity on thyſelf;
The Troops by the Senate ſent, deſcend the Hill
And come.

Nero. To take me, and to whip me unto Death:
O whither ſhall I fly!

Rom. Thou haſt no Choice.

Nero. O hither muſt I fly! hard is his Hap,
Who from Death only muſt by Death eſcape,
Where are they yet? O may I not a little
Bethink myſelf!

Rom. They are at hand; hark, thou may'ſt hear the Noiſe.

Nero. O *Rome* farewel! farewel you Theatres,
Where I ſo oft, with popular Applauſe
In Song and Action; O they come I die!
He falls on his Sword.

Rom. So baſe an End all juſt Commiſeration
Doth take away, yet what we do now ſpurn,
The Morning Sun ſaw fearful to the World.

Rom. Thus great bad Men above them find a Rod:
People depart; and ſay there is a God!

A Letter from the other World, To the Author of a deceaſed Lady's Character.

STRIPT, to the naked Soul, eſcap'd, from Clay,
From Doubts, unfetter'd; and diſſolv'd, in Day;
Unwarm'd, by Vanity; unreach'd, by Strife;
And all my Hopes, and Fears, thrown off, with Life;
Why am I *charm'd*, by Friendſhip's fond Eſſays?
And, tho' *unbodied*, conſcious of thy *Praiſe*?
Has Pride a Portion, in the *parted Soul*?
Does *Paſſion*, ſtill, the *Formleſs* Mind controul?
Can *Gratitude* out-pant the *ſilent* Breath?
Or a *Friend's Sorrow* pierce the Glooms of Death?
No, —— 'tis a *Spirit's* NOBLER Taſte of *Bliſs*!
That feels the Worth it *left*, in Proofs like *This*;
That, not its *own* Applauſe, but *Thine*, approves;
Whoſe *Practice* praiſes, and whoſe *Virtue* loves!
Who *liv'ſt*, to crown departed Friends, with *Fame*;
Then, *dying*, *late*, ſhalt all, thou gav'ſt, *reclaim*.

SATURDAY, *December* 7.

LAST Week Mr. *Guillum*, a Plumber in *Lothbury*, receiv'd a Threatning Letter, commanding him to leave four Guineas and a Half in the Street near his Houſe, which he did accordingly, and it continued there two Days, but the third Night was carried off; ſince which Mr. *Fiſher*, a *Blackwell-Hall* Factor in the ſame Place, has receiv'd a Letter to leave ſeven Guineas near his Door, threatning to fire his Houſe in caſe of Refuſal.

On Wedneſday two *Fleet* Parſons, who had lately a Quarrel, and beat each other in a violent Manner, about a Wedding, preſerr'd againſt each other a Bill of Indictment to the Grand Jury at the *Old Bailey*; they both appear'd to be Aggreſſors, but which of them the greateſt, the Jury could not diſcover, whereupon they brought in both their Bills *Ignoramus*.

We have a melancholy Account of a Fire which happen'd laſt Week at a Town in the Dutchy of *Deuxponts*, where the *French* have a Garriſon. It ſeems that ſome of the Soldiers having been ſmoaking and drinking in one of the Apartments of the Caſtle, by ſome Negligence ſet it on Fire, and the whole Edifice was conſum'd in a few Hours, together with 4000 Sacks of Corn and 1400 Sacks of Meal: A large Quantity of Powder was happily remov'd, juſt in Time to ſave the Remainder of the Town. The Hoſpital was burnt down, and the Number of Sick in it being very conſiderable, it was a Sight the moſt affecting, to ſee the poor Creatures periſh in the Flames, without a Poſſibility of aſſiſting them.

Death. Yeſterday died, at his Lordſhip's Houſe in *Cork-ſtreet*, *Burlington-Gardens*, *Abigail* Lady *Maſham*, Wife of the Right Hon. *Samuel* Lord *Maſham*, of *Oates* in the County of *Eſſex*.

MONDAY, *December* 9.

On Saturday laſt the Seſſions ended at the *Old Bailey*, when the eight following Malefactors received Sentence of Death, *viz.*

Aaron Pritchard, for breaking open the Till of Mr. *Hebbert*, Senior, in *Ludgate-ſtreet*, and ſtealing from thence about 61. and a Diamond Ring.

Ambroſe Thurman, for ſtealing a Silver Tankard out of the Houſe of Mr. *Edmond Eyles* at the *Bull-Head* in *Leadenhall-ſtreet*, Value 8 l.

William Williams, for the Murder of Corporal *Roe* at *Somerſet-Houſe*.

Peter Hughes, for robbing Mr. *Syms* at the *Red-Lion-Inn* near *Charing-Croſs*, of Plate and Money to a conſiderable Value. And

Edward Atkins, for ſtealing ſeveral Pair of Silver Buckles from Mr. *Ledger*.

Samuel Flewellen, for picking the Pocket of *Edward Saliſbury* of a Silver Watch, Value 5 l.

Mary Bowman, for ſtealing a Gold Ring, three *Portugal* Pieces, Value 10l. 16s. five Moidores, ſix Guineas and a Half from *Pearſe Clay*. And

James Caſey, for robbing *John Atkinſon* on the Highway in *Whitechappel-Fields*, on the 30th of *October* laſt, of a Piece of Checque Linnen, containing 31 Yards, and ſome Halfpence.

Iſaac Berridge, *Roger Arnold* and *Elizabeth Pembroke*, were tried for the Murder of *Richard Cantillon*, Eſq; The Evidence for the King conſiſted of 15 Witneſſes, and about the ſame Number gave Teſtimony to the general good Character of the Priſoners, who, after a Trial which laſted five Hours, were brought in Not Guilty.

Forty-one were caſt for Tranſportation, and forty-four acquitted.

On Saturday laſt *John Butler*, who was condemn'd at the Seſſions in *October* laſt, for breaking open the Houſe of *Edward Lucan*, endeavour'd to make his Eſcape out of the Cells in *Newgate*, having got off his Irons and broke thro' the Window of his Cell, whilſt the Keepers were oblig'd to attend at the *Old Bailey*; but thro' the Care of the Turnkey he was taken on the Chapel-Stairs, and immediately confined in the old Condemn'd-Hold.

Yeſterday the Lady of the Hon. *John Spencer*, Eſq; Grandſon to her Grace the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Marlborough*, only Brother to the preſent Duke of *Marlborough*, and Knight of the Shire for the County of *Bedford*, was ſafely delivered of a Son and Heir, to the great Joy of that noble Family.

The Governors of the Bounty of Queen *Anne* for the Augmentation of the Maintenance of the poor Clergy,

agreed at their last Meeting to augment 43 small Livings in the Kingdom of *England* and Principality of *Wales*; seven of which were augmented by Lot, and the others in Conjunction with several charitable Benefactors.

The *Friendship*, Capt. *Goodridge*, bound from *Winniau* in *Carolina* to *London*, was lost the 5th Instant on the Coast of *Sussex*, near *Hastings*. The Master and five Men were drowned; but a Man and a Boy were saved, as it was hoped good Part of her Cargo would.

Deaths. On Saturday last an Express came from *Huntingdon*, with an Account, that the Day before died suddenly, as he was sitting at Dinner, *William Dowse*, Esq; an Alderman of that Town, and Receiver-General of the Land-Tax for the County of *Huntingdon*.——On Thursday last died at *Bristol*, Mr. *Nathaniel Priest*, Organist of the Cathedral there, of *Christ-Church* and *All-Saints* in that City.

TUESDAY, *December* 10.

We learn from *Newfoundland*, that one of the Lieutenants of his Majesty's Ship the *Roebuck*, Capt. *Crawford* Commander, and Mr. *Hancock* the Purser, having been out together upon a Party of Pleasure, had some Difference on their Return on board; upon which the Lieutenant ordered the Company's Crew to sew up the Purser in his Hammock; but they refusing to obey him, he himself, in Conjunction with another, threw Mr. *Hancock* by Force into a Hammock and sew'd him up, and then reading the Office of the Dead over him, toss'd him, without more Ceremony, into the Sea; after a few Minutes the Lieutenant relenting, order'd him to be taken up, which was accordingly done, and he lived two Hours, but then expired. The Lieutenant is secur'd in Irons, in order to be brought to *England* to be try'd.

We learn by a Ship arrived at *Whitehaven* from *Carolina*, that the *Milkriver*, Capt. *Berkley*, bound to this City, was lately lost in the Gulph of *Florida*: The Crew perceiving her extreamly leaky, and unable to reach any Port, took to their Boat with such Provisions as they could stow; and after being twenty Days at Sea, arrived safe at *Carolina*.

On Saturday Night last Mr. *Cromewell*, Butler to the Countess Dowager of *Cardigan*, fractur'd his Skull by a Fall down Stairs at her Ladyship's House in *Sackville-street*; he languished till Yesterday, and then died.

We hear the City of *Westminster* intend to petition the Parliament for Leave to erect a Bridge over to *Lambeth*, at their own Expence: Plans of the same are already drawn, and its said as the Arches are intended to be very large, it will be no Hindrance to the Navigatoin of the River *Thames*.

On Saturday last came on a Trial in the Court of *Common-Pleas*, *Westminster*, wherein *John Shiptborp*, Printer, was Plaintiff, against *John Stevens*, Book binder, Defendant, for exercising the Art and Mystery of Printing, not having serv'd seven Years to the Trade; and after several learned Arguments by the Counsel on both Sides, the Jury gave six Months Damages for the Plaintiff, forty Shillings a Month being the Statute of 5 *Eliz.*

Last Saturday Morning one *Roberts*, a Gardener of *Mitcham* in *Surrey*, in Company with a Woman dress'd in Mens Clothes, set upon a Pedlar near *Tooting* in *Surrey*; and after robbing him of six Shillings, attempted to cut out his Tongue, which they almost effected; and whether, after so much Loss of Blood, he will recover, is uncertain. It is remarkable, that the Man being taken, and sent to the County Gaol in *Southwark*, confess'd that his Accomplice was the Pedlar's Wife, who is not yet taken.

His Majesty having made his Remarks upon the Emperor's late Declaration for accepting the Mediation of the Maritime Powers, has sent them to the *Hague*, in order for the States General, in concert with Mr. *Walpole*, to draw up an Answer to be sent to the Court of *Vienna*.

We hear that his *Imperial* Majesty declares in one Article of that Declaration, that he cannot consent to a Congress, unless Things are put in the same Condition they were in before the War begun.

We learn from *Germany*, that the Elector *Palatine* foreseeing the Contention which will distract the Empire at his Death, on Account of the Succession to his Dominions, is half inclin'd to marry: His Electoral Highness is indeed 73, but we apprehend it not impossible for a young Lady to furnish him with a Successor, were he even older.

They write from *Strasbourg*, that the *French* upon breaking up the Campaign have sent 6000 Sick into the Hospitals of that City, the Air was so infected by them, that the whole City was threaten'd with Contagion. Several of the Physicians and Surgeons that attended the Hospitals were already dead.

The last Letters from the *Hague* say, that the Council of State had presented to their High-Mightinesses the State of the War for the next Year, which (notwithstanding the great Expectations of the Publick) was the same in Substance as the last, no Mention being made in their Petition of any Augmentation of the Forces; and that the Commissioners of the Admiralty were gone home.

We have Advice from *Cadiz*, that Capt. *Forrester*, in a *Spanish* Man of War of 90 Guns, had brought in there 1100 *Algerines* in two large Vessels, and had sunk a third; all which he found cruizing in the *Streights*.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 11.

The *Westmoreland*, Capt. *Marshall*, bound from *Jamaica* to *London*, was lately lost near *Carolina*; and the *Cumberland Brigantine*, lately built in *Virginia*, and bound from *Potomack* River to *London*, was lost the 6th Instant at Night near *Folkstone*; but the Crews of both Ships were saved.

Bankrupt. Thomas Aldwell, of the Parish of St. *George*, *Hanover-Square*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Dealer and Chapman.

Verses spoken Extempore *by Dean* Swift *on his Curate's Complaint of hard Duty.*

I March'd three Miles through scorching Sand,
With Zeal in Heart, and Notes in Hand;
I rode four more to Great St. *Mary*;
Using four Legs when two were weary.
To three fair Virgins I did tie Men,
In the close Bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two Babes in Holy-Water,
And purify'd their Mothers after.
Within an Hour, and eke a Half,
I preach'd three Congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with Lungs long-winded.
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My Emblem, the laborious Sun,
Saw all these mighty Labours done,
Before one Race of his was run;
All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*,
What Mortal else cou'd e'er go through it.

The following Lines are by the same Hand.

The PARSON's CASE. *In Imitation of* Martial.

THAT you, Friend *Marcus*, like a Stoick,
Can wish to die, in Strain Heroick,
No real Fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy Wish is wise.
Thy busy, drudging Scene of Life,
Thy insolent illit'rate Vicar,
Thy Want of all-consoling Liquor,
Thy Thread-bare Gown, thy Cassock rent,
Thy Credit sunk, thy Money spent,
Thy Week made up of Fasting-Days,
Thy Grate unconscious of a Blaze,
And, to compleat thy other Curses,
The Quarterly Demands of Nurses,
Are Ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for Refuge to the Grave:
And, O what Virtue you express
In wishing such Afflictions less!
But, now shou'd Fortune shift the Scene,
And make thy Curate-ship a Dean;
Or some rich Benefice provide,
To pamper Luxury and Pride;
With Labour small, and Income great:
With Chariot, less for Use than State;
With swelling Scarf, and glossy Gown,
And Licence to reside in Town;
To shine, where all the Gay resort,
At Consort, Coffee-house or Court;
And Weekly persecute his Grace
With Visits, or to beg a Place;
With Underlings thy Flock to teach,
With no Desire to pray or preach;
With haughty Spouse in Vesture fine,
With plenteous Meals, and gen'rous Wine;
Woud'st thou not wish, in so much Ease,
Thy Years as num'rous as thy Days?

THURSDAY, *December* 12.

Yesterday about Two o'Clock in the Morning, a Fire happen'd at the Prince of *Wales*'s House in the Royal Garden in *Pall Mall*, occasioned by the Carelessness of a Maid-Servant laying some Wood-Ashes in an Out-house; two of the Out-Offices were destroy'd, and some other Damage done before it was extinguished.

On Friday last Mr. *Adamson*, belonging to *Morden-College* on *Black-Heath*, cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, while the Gentlemen of that College were at Prayers in the Chapel; on Monday the Coroner's Inquest sate on the Body, and brought in their Verdict *Lunacy*: But the Vacancy will not be fill'd up till next *November*.

A very melancholy Accident happen'd lately at a Place call'd *Diffart* in the County of *Radnor*, *South-Wales*: Whilst the Rev. Mr. *Griffith*, Minister of that Parish, with his Wife, Daughter and a Man Servant, were gone to visit some Relations in *Herefordshire*, his House, by some Means unknown, was burnt to the Ground, all his Houshold Furniture consum'd, and his Child about four Years old, a Maid Servant, and another Person perish'd in the Flames.

Yesterday came on a Trial at *Guildhall*, on an Action brought by an Ostler at the *White-Horse-Inn* in *Fleet-street*, against Sir *William Billers* and others, for committing him to the *Poultry* Compter last *Easter*, for hissing and insulting Sir *William* when Lord Mayor, in the Procession to St. *Brides*, and the Plaintiff was non-suited.

Yesterday Morning about Two o'Clock some Rogues found Means to break into the House of Mr. *Carr*, Peruke-Maker in *Carey-street*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, by cutting a Hole in the Out-side Window-Shutters of the Dining-Room and unbolting the In-side Shutters; and carried off a large Silver Punch Bowl, three Silver Casters, four Silver Candlesticks, and other Things of Value.

Deaths. On Thursday died, at *Norton* in *Suffolk*, the famous Painter, *Peter Tillemans* of *Antwerp*.——A few Days since died, at *Chesterton* in the County of *Oxford*, the Hon. *Henry Bertie*, Esq; second Son of *Montagu* Earl of *Lindsey*, and Grandfather to the present Duke of *Ancaster*.——A few Days since died, at *Isleworth* in *Middlesex*, Dr. *Pearson*, an eminent Physician.

FRIDAY, *December* 13.

This Day the Felons, who lie in *Newgate* under Sentence of Transportation, to the Number of 155, were conveyed thence to *Black Friars* Stairs, and put on board a Close Lighter, in order to be shipped off for his Majesty's Plantations; among which are *Anne Knight*, Daughter of *Elizabeth Wright*, who was lately burnt at *Tyburn* for Coining, and Wife of *John Knight*, who was tried with the said *Elizabeth Wright* the Mother, and acquitted; *Samuel Walker*, for breaking open the Compting-House of his Master, Mr. *Joseph Hague*, and stealing Cash-Bills, *&c.* to the Amount of 981 l. 14 s. 7 d. *William Fletcher*, for forging a great Number of Tradesmens Hands to Receipts, *&c.* and *Mary Gill*, commonly called *Callicoe Moll*, for stealing from Mr. *Ovet* 22 Guineas and some Silver, and famous for picking Gentlemens Pockets.

Our Letters from *Italy* seem to contradict one another in some Particulars: Those from *Mantua* speak as if Count *Konigsegg* had sent a large Train of Artillery down the *Po*, and 'twas believed would lay Siege to *Guastalla*, into which Place the Allies had lately thrown 3000 Men: That the *Imperial* Army consisted of 40,000 stout Fellows, in high Vigour, and quite unaffected by the Rigour of the Season; whilst the *French*, not used to lie expos'd to the Severities of wet and cold Weather, were pinch'd to Death; that the Hospitals were full of them; and that those which remain'd under *Cremona*, were dispirited and languishing: And that the *Germans* had two Bridges over the *Po*, and as many upon the *Oglio*; so that it was probable they would still undertake something of Importance before the Succours arriv'd from *France*, *Spain* and *Naples*.

On the other Hand, the Letters from *Cremona*, dated six Days after the other assure, that the *Imperialists* are so fatigued with long Marches and bad Ways, that they are unable to keep the Field longer, and are preparing to go into Quarters for Refreshment: That they have withdrawn their Men from *Berjello*, a Post which serv'd as a Key to the *Parmezan*, and by this Retreat have left that Dutchy secure from any Incursions this Winter: That the Allies, under no Apprehension that Count *Konigsegg* will make any further Motions, have regulated their Winter-Quarters; that the Marshal *de Coigny*'s is to be at *Lodi*, Marshal *Broglio*'s at *Cremona*, and the King of *Sardinia* will return in a few Days to *Turin*, where 'tis believ'd his Majesty will pass the Winter, the Queen being ill of a Distemper, which it is fear'd will carry her off.

They write from *Munich*, the Court of the Elector of *Bavaria*, that his Highness had a few Days ago a very narrow Escape with his Life; for attempting to cross a River as he was hunting which was frozen over, his Horse fell in, and sunk immediately under the Ice, and 'twas with the utmost Difficulty the Elector was saved.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Venice, December 4.

LETTERS from *Constantinople* dated the 28th of *October*, advise, that they had received an Account there, that *Thamas Kouli Kan* had taken Possession of all the Country of *Georgia* in *Turkey*, and that the bad State of the *Turkish* Affairs in *Persia*, had caused great Murmurings among the Inhabitants of that Capital; all the Reports which have been spread of an approaching Accommodation with the *Persians*, being groundless.

Hague, Dec. 3. They write from *Vienna*, that the Emperor's Miniſters had declared to Meſſ. *Robinſon* and *Hamel Bruyninx*, that his *Imperial* Majeſty had heard with Surprize, that it was given out that he had rejected the good Offices of the two Maritime Powers: That he never deſigned ſo to do, but on the contrary thought it proper for him, in his preſent Circumſtances, to declare to them, that he ſhould be always ready to accept of them, whenever their Maſters would let his *Imperial* Majeſty know, wherein what he might expect from their good Offices did conſiſt. The Miniſters gave an Account of this Declaration to their reſpective Courts; and an Expreſs arrived here from *Vienna*, and proceeded for *England*, who brought Orders to the Count *d'Ulefeldt* and Count *Kinſki* to make the ſame Declaration at the Courts of *Great Britain* and this Place. Hereupon Couriers were ſent to know of the Kings in Alliance, what might be promiſed on their Parts, and how far the Powers Mediators might engage for them to his *Imperial* Majeſty, whoſe Intention is really to admit their Mediation purely and ſimply, as ſoon as they ſhall convince him, that he may expect the ſame Effect from it, as if *Great Britain* ſhould ſend a Fleet to his Aſſiſtance in the *Mediterranean*, and this Republick 20 or 30,000 Men in the *Netherlands*. But thoſe Couriers return from *France* a Snail's Pace: Affairs are not yet brought to Maturity: *France* and *Spain*, when they drew the Sword, never intended to ſheathe it ſo ſoon: Thoſe Courts have other Views, which would have appeared e're now, if the Duke *de Noailles* returning from *Mentz*, had penetrated into the Dutchy of *Wirtemberg*, purſuant to his Orders. A certain Conjunction had been then made, as formerly at *Hochſtet*, and we ſhould have ſeen *fine Sport!* We are promiſed it, however, tho next Campaign; and this is what they deliberate upon at *Verſailles*, more than upon the Conditions of the Peace, which they look upon, at preſent, only in Perſpective.

The Truth is, the Advices we have lately receiv'd from *Italy* may place it at a Diſtance, if Fortune would but attend for a while the Courage of the *Imperial* Troops, and the Conduct of the brave Count *Konigsegg*. At the very Inſtant that the *French* were boaſting at *Paris*, that the Detachment from the Army upon the *Rhine* were ſtill in the *Tyroleze*, a Courier arrived the 24th ult. and brought them the News, that they were arrived at *Macaria* upon the Banks of the *Oglio*. Count *Konigsegg* finding himſelf in the Situation he had ſo long wiſhed for, put the ſagacious Marſhals of *France* once more to their Trumps, by ſending a Body of Troops to paſs the *Po*, while he advanced with his Army towards *Macaria*, making the neceſſary Diſpoſitions as if he would paſs the *Oglio*: A Council of War was immediately called to the Head Quarters of the King of *Sardinia*, Generaliſſimo of the Allies, who gave his Opinion for retiring under *Cremona*, where the Trees have been cut down for three Miles round, to prevent their being again ſurprized by the *Imperialiſts*. The latter paſſed the *Po* without Oppoſition, the Allies flying towards *Cremona*, (by the Way, too near to *Mantua*, as the Poet *Virgil* formerly ſaid) where they aſſembled all their Forces, abandoning by that Means *Modena*, (where they had lived ſo well at the old Duke's Expence) *Reggio* and *Carpi*, (where they erected Magazines for the *Imperialiſts*) and even *Guaſtalla*, (which was their Hoſpital-General.) We may well imagine therefore, that Affairs being in this Situation, and the Seaſon ſo far advanced, Count *Konigsegg* will judge it more adviſeable to extend himſelf in the *Milaneze*, and to ſhut up his Enemies in the narrow Diſtrict of the *Cremoneze*, than to venture a Battle, which could not be deciſive: He muſt take his Riſque. Thus we expect great News from that Country every Hour: The poor Marſhals of *France* are terribly abuſed at *Paris* and at Court, in the Coffee houſes and Cabarets, where they are inveighed againſt, becauſe their Enemies appear to have more Strength and Stratagem than they.

Hague, Dec. 14. The People of theſe Provinces had entertain'd ſo general a Notion, that the States-General were about to take ſome vigorous Steps with relation to their Forces by Sea and Land, that the late Reſolution of their High Mightineſſes for continuing the State of War on the foot of the preſent Year, was a univerſal Surprize. Men did not know whether the preſent Neutrality was for Life, or to have a ſooner Period: They were unknowing too, but that Maxims of State, like byaſs'd Bowls, might take many Circuits round the Mark, and yet enter in it at laſt: They perhaps believ'd (to borrow an Alluſion from our Neighbours) that it might tend more to the common Security to keep the Lion in the Lobby, than to let him into the Houſe and then try to muzzle him; ſo that they had reconciled to themſelves, in ſome Meaſure, the Inconvenience and Expence attending an Augmentation of their Forces: But their Note is now changed; and as they doubt not but their High-Mightineſſes, from the Altitude of their Station, can deſcry Things imperceptible to vulgar Eyes, the Report is Peace, and a Congreſs talk'd of with a Sort of Certainty, founded on the Confidence Men place in their High-Mightineſſes conſummate Prudence and Conduct. It muſt be own'd, that the Preparations making by the Courts round us, carry an Appearance very little pacifick; for the Emperor is providing againſt the Expence of another Campaign, *France* is raiſing Men and Money with all poſſible Vigour, and *Spain* ſending more Troops to *Italy* to preſs the Conqueſt of *Sicily*.

Hague, Dec. 3. Our profound Grief is turned into Joy, upon Advice that the Princeſs of *Orange* has taken the Route of *Calais*, in order to return hither; whereupon the Prince her Conſort is gone to meet her; ſo that we expect them here with an Impatience not to be deſcribed.

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Amſterdam	35	10	London	35	5
Ditto at Sight	35	7	Ditto at Sight	35	7 ½ a 7
Rotterdam	35	11	Hamburgh	32	½ a 7/16
Hamburgh	35	6	Paris	56	½ a ⅝
Paris	31	⅞	Bourdeaux	55	⅞ a 56
Bourdeaux	31	⅜ a ½	Cadiz	100	¼
Cadiz	40	½ a ⅝	Madrid	80	¼
Madrid	40	½ a ⅝	Bilboa	79	½
Biboa	40	⅛	Leghorn	90	½ a 91
Leghorn	50	⅛ a ¼	Genoa	95	1/16 a 95
Genoa	53		Venice	90	¼
Venice	50	⅜ a ½	Lisbon	46	½ a ¾
Lisbon	5	6	Agio *per Cent.*	4	⅛ a ¼
Oporto	5	5 ¼	Antw. Loſs *p. c.*	1	¼
Antwerp	36	1			
Dublin	12				

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